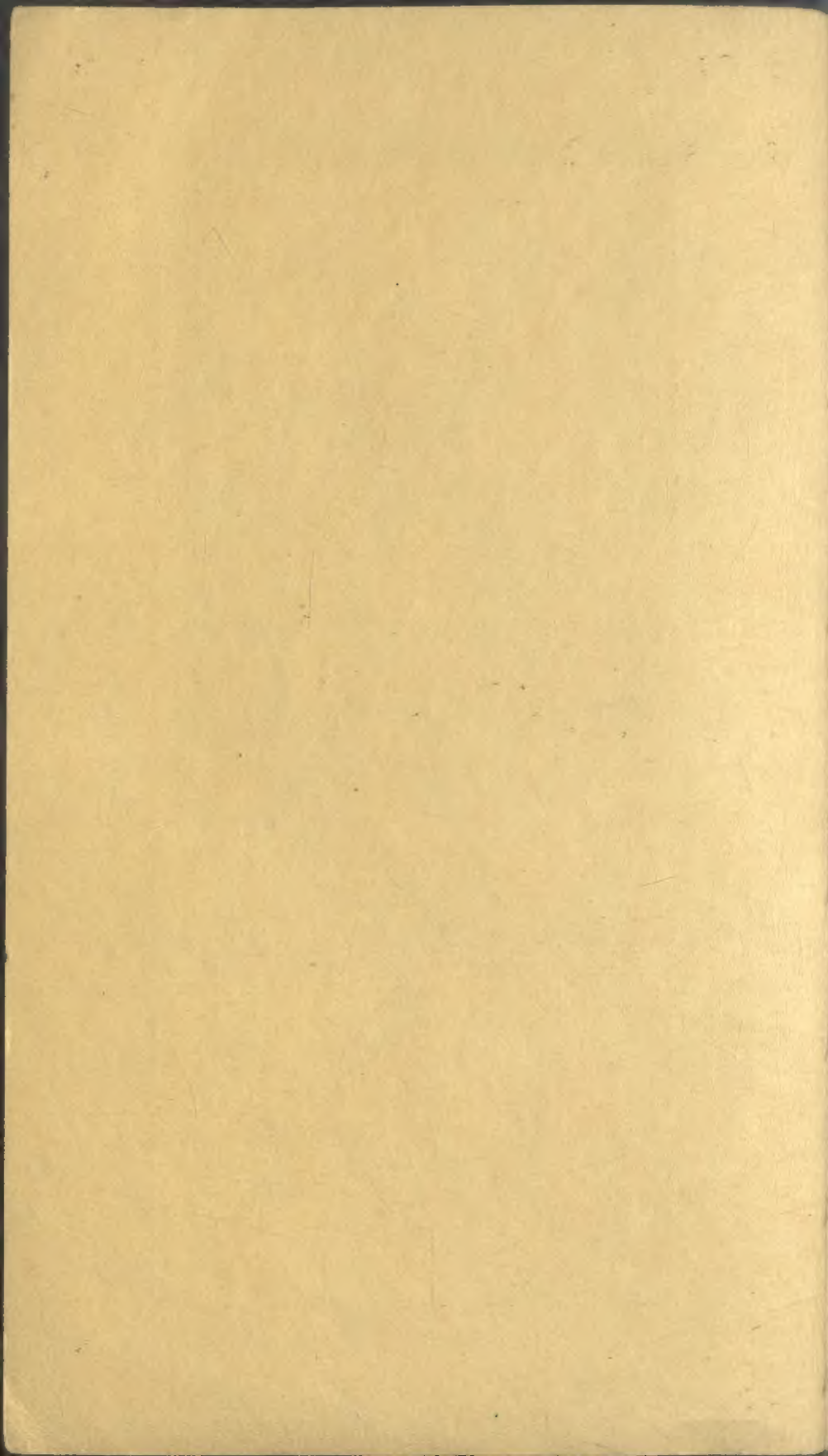




The
ROUTE
of the
RIO GRANDE



Out Where the West Begins

Out where the handclasp's a little stronger,
Out where the smile dwells a little longer,
 That's where the West begins;
Out where the sun is a little brighter,
Where the snows that fall are a trifle whiter,
And the bonds of home are a wee bit tighter,
 That's where the West begins.

Out where the skies are a trifle bluer,
Out where friendship's a little truer,
 That's where the West begins;
Out where a fresher breeze is blowing,
Where there's laughter in every streamlet flowing,
Where there's more of reaping and less of sowing,
 That's where the West begins.

Out where the world is in the making,
Where fewer hearts in despair are aching,
 That's where the West begins;
Where there's more of singing and less of sighing,
Where there's more of giving and less of buying,
And a man makes friends without half trying—
 That's where the West begins.

—*Arthur Chapman*

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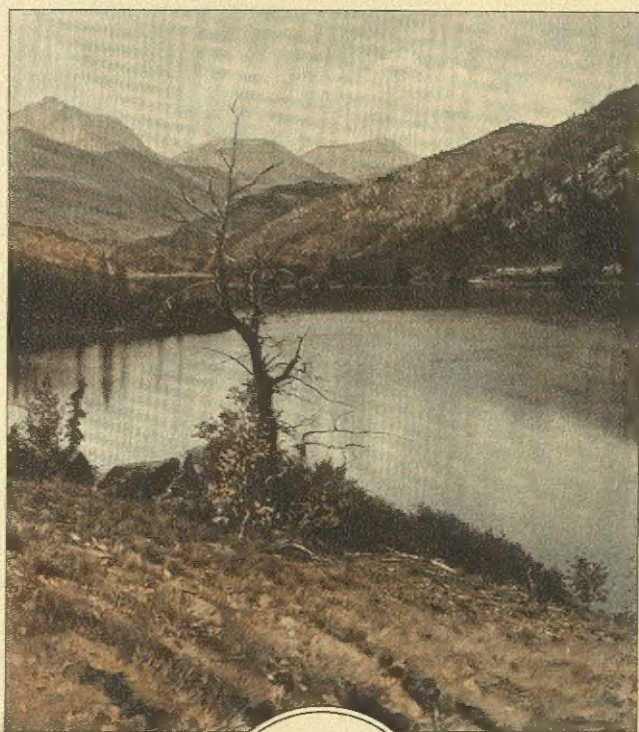
F. A. WADLEIGH

PASSENGER TRAFFIC MANAGER

DENVER & RIO GRANDE WESTERN RAILROAD
DENVER, COLORADO

The ROUTE of the RIO GRANDE

By Arthur Chapman
Author of "Out Where the West Begins
and Other Western Verses"



Lake
San Cristoval
Colorado

Issued by the Passenger Department of the
DENVER & RIO GRANDE WESTERN RAILROAD



Pike's Peak and Gateway to the Garden of the Gods, Colorado

The Route of the Rio Grande

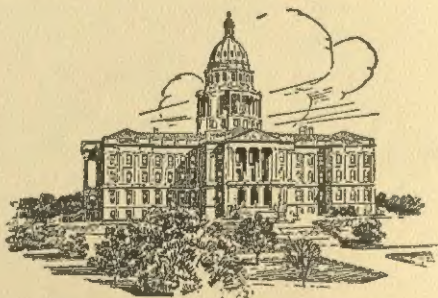


RAILROADS, like individuals, are blessed with distinct personalities. Also, like individuals, they are subject to the influence of widely differing environments.

Some railroads, like some persons, absorb more or less of the peaceful and bucolic from their surroundings. Other railroads breathe of achievement and daring in every mile. Their builders have tunneled mountains and have conquered chasms and surmounted heights that seem, to the uninitiated, like insuperable obstacles. A railroad of that type does more than serve utilitarian needs. It astonishes and charms the traveler out of his every-day self. It spreads before him an awesome panorama of mountains and forests, and invites him to enjoy, in a few hours of comfortable travel, an outdoor spectacle which must remain with him a lifetime in memory.

Such a railroad is the Denver & Rio Grande Western, which, since it won its way through the frowning Cañon of the Arkansas in 1878 and pushed its spectacular way across the Rocky Mountains, has rightfully been known as "the scenic line of the world."

Not long ago I chanced to be in the company of a famous educator, en route from Grand Junction to Denver, on the Denver & Rio Grande Western. It was the distinguished visitor's first trip across the state of Colorado. He had talked of educational matters at the start, but soon his mind was filled with the changing scene that his car window afforded. The mesas and plains of western Colorado, shimmering in the sunlight, the gradual encroachment of the mountains, as we thundered into the very heart of the granite hills, the cattle on the uplands and the mines



Colorado State
Capitol, Denver

The Route of the Rio Grande

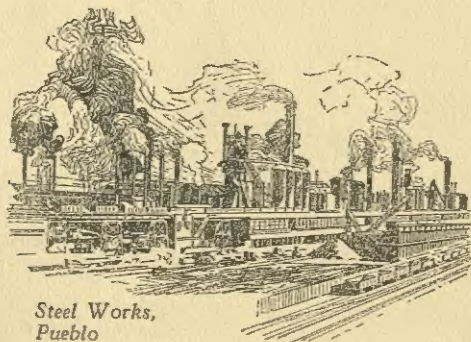
on the slopes above us—all these things fascinated him. Finally, as sunset turned the red hills of the upper Valley of the Colorado into a final burst of flame, he surrendered himself in silence to the enjoyment of the scene. Not until darkness had mantled the hills could he bring himself to talk about the affairs that had seemed so important to him at first.

Such impressions are not isolated. They must come to anyone with a flicker of imagination who travels on the Denver & Rio Grande Western, either along the main line to Salt Lake and Ogden from Denver, or around the magic circle which embraces the southern peaks of Colorado, or southward from Antonito through the land of the Indian pueblos to historic Santa Fé, or along the Utah branch which takes one into the weird formations of Bryce Cañon, Cedar Breaks, Zion National Park and the North Rim of the Grand Cañon.

No Other Railroad Offers So Much

THERE is no other railroad that offers so much of romance and scenic splendor combined. One looks up at dazzling snow peaks, or out on parched plains where the wild horse still survives. He passes the gold camps of the Colorado Argonauts who made Leadville and Creede and the historic camps of the San Juan, and he sees new mining camps which evidence the fact that the mineral riches of the Rockies are far from being "played out." He sees intensive agriculture profitably practiced in the thriving agricultural communities of the Arkansas Valley or the fruitful Grand Junction region, and he can trace, if he so desires, the all but obliterated lines of the primitive irrigation works of the Cliff Dwellers.

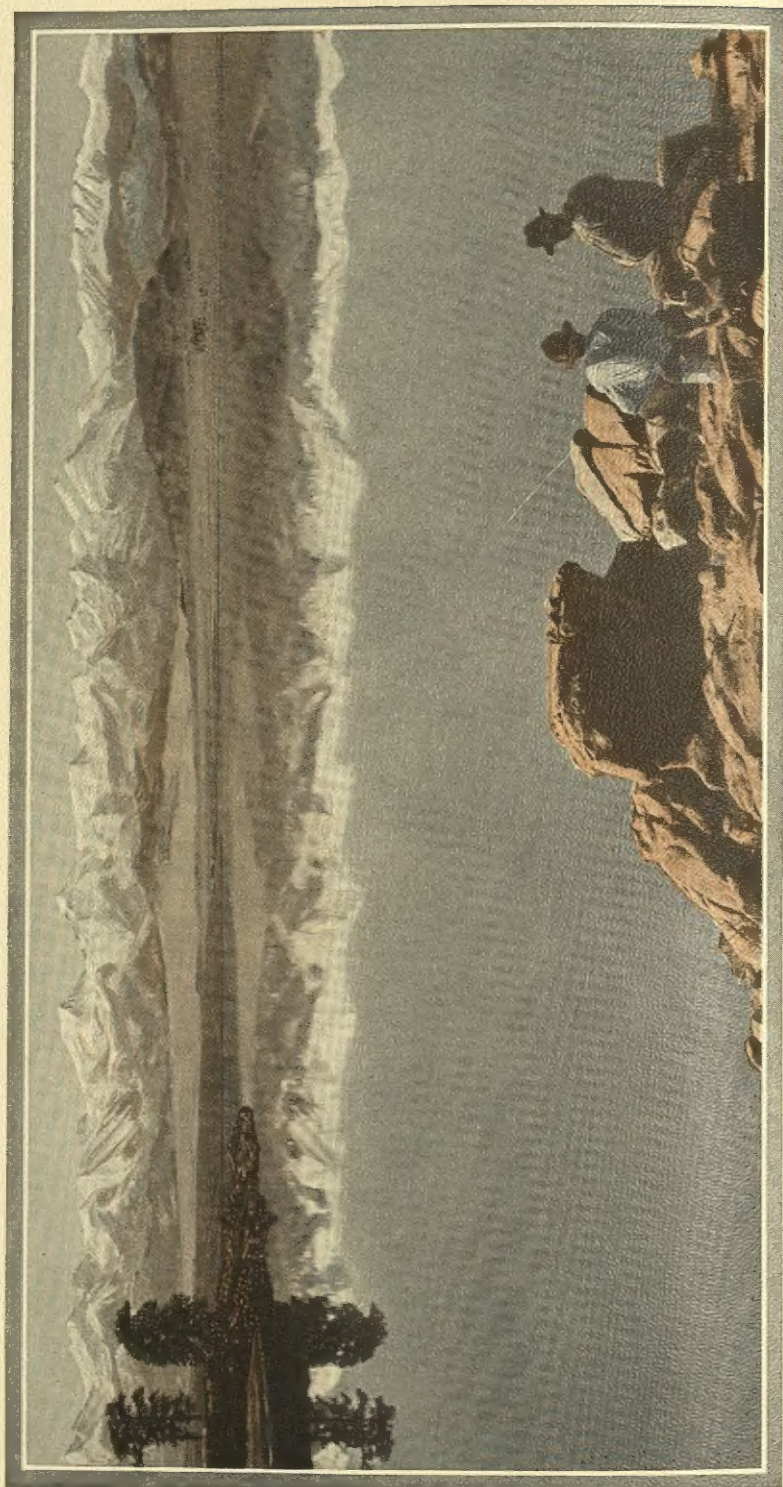
Trout streams invite him on every hand. Deer look out of the great National Forests, and he realizes that he is in a land that will always be a sportsmen's Paradise. At Colorado Springs, Manitou, Glenwood



Steel Works,
Pueblo



The Royal Gorge, Grand Cañon of the Arkansas, Colorado



Sangre de Cristo Range, San Isabel National Forest, Colorado

The Route of the Rio Grande

Springs and other resorts he sees fashion at play. He sees parties of vacation seekers being outfitted for long trips in the deep woods. Then, later on, he sees the gleam of a roundup mess wagon on the plain and he knows the cowboys will soon be gathering for their evening meal.

It is the West, old and new, strangely and wonderfully mingled—the West of yesterday and today; the West of romance and the West of modern achievement.

Nor is any hardship involved in seeing these things. Such trains as the "Scenic Limited," an all-year-round train between Denver and Ogden, or the "Panoramic Special," a daylight, all-Pullman train through the Rockies, operated from June to October, challenge comparison with the best. Over a broad gauge track, on a roadbed ballasted with granite from the Rockies, there are all the refinements of modern travel at one's command along the trails that Kit Carson once trod!

Two Persons Inspire Me with Envy



TWO PERSONS inspire me with envy—the boy who is getting his first reading of "Treasure Island" and the tourist who is in the midst of a first trip over the Denver & Rio Grande Western. Both of these classics are worth retracing many times. I have yet to find a person who did not say "I am going back" after viewing the Denver & Rio Grande Western's Colorado, with its not less enthralling vistas of New Mexico and Utah. As in the case of a first-class romance, the element of charm is evidenced in the very first chapter. After one leaves historic and beautiful Denver, there is a seventy-five mile skirting of the foothills of the Rockies. This brings one to the Pike's Peak region, long famous as a playground. Colorado Springs and Manitou, thronged with summer visitors,



*Sky Line Drive,
Cañon City, Colorado*

The Route of the Rio Grande

tempt one to linger. Pike's Peak—that great “blue cloud,” thrust to the very edge of the plains, entices the traveler, even as it induced the venturesome explorer, Pike, to have a thrilling though unsuccessful try at its summit.

From the Pike's Peak region it is only a short journey to Pueblo, the train still skirting the foothills. Here one gets a note of industry, emphasizing the growth of the new West. Pueblo, with its great steel works, has rightly been called “the Pittsburgh of the West.” Only twenty-eight miles from Pueblo is the San Isabel National Forest, with snowy peaks, two hundred lakes and streams, good camps and hotels—everything, in fact, to make an ideal recreation ground.

Following the Footsteps of Pike

TURNING westward toward the mountains, the train proceeds along the historic Arkansas River, following in the very footsteps of Pike and the venturesome explorers and trappers who came later. Here are wonderfully developed ranches, showing what can be done with the combination of irrigation and the highly-mineralized soil of the Rocky Mountain region. At Florence one passes through a region rich in oil wells, the oil here being of an exceedingly high quality. At Cañon City is located the Colorado state penitentiary. Convicts, working “on honor,” have built here one of the most remarkable highways in the

world, the famous “Sky Line Drive”—a splendid road built on the top of a tremendous “hogback” rising from the plain and giving a marvelous view on either side. From Cañon City an automobile road has been built to the top of the Royal Gorge, affording an awe-inspiring view into the depths of this great cañon.



*Eagle River
Cañon, Colorado*



Cañon of the Colorado River, Colorado



Castle Gate, Price River Cañon, Utah

The Royal Gorge

THE VALLEY of the Arkansas narrows, beyond Cañon City, until it seems as if the granite walls must impede further progress of the train. At one point the chasm closes in until it is but thirty feet from wall to wall. There is not even room here for the railroad tracks along either wall, but the engineers accomplished the seemingly impossible. They built a hanging bridge, which is suspended above the foaming Arkansas, not transversely but longitudinally. Thus almost touching the walls of the cañon, the trains dash to and fro, with the noise of their coming and going all but drowned in the roar of the torrent beneath the bridge. All trains passing through the Royal Gorge in daylight make a stop of ten minutes at the Hanging Bridge, to enable travelers to get the full effect of this engineering marvel, as well as to indulge in a more comprehensive survey of the great cañon, the walls of which rise perpendicularly for hundreds of feet until the sky shows through a mere slit in the granite.

The journey through the Grand Cañon of the Arkansas is continued for miles after the train leaves the Hanging Bridge. The walls reluctantly open out at Texas Creek, which is the junction of the branch road to Westcliffe, in the Wet Mountains, a picturesque and delightful place for recreation.

At Salida, an important division junction point, there is an inspiring view of the Collegiate Range to the northwest, with the wonderful Sangre de Cristo Mountains close at hand. At Buena Vista there are hot springs and excellent hunting and fishing in the region, which is guarded by the great peaks of the Collegiate Range, Princeton, Yale and Harvard, all more than 14,000 feet in height.

At Malta, one learns that Leadville is only



*Famous
Marshall Pass, Colorado*

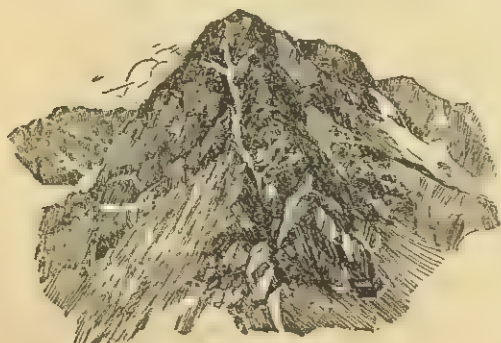
The Route of the Rio Grande

five miles away—Leadville, the scene of unnumbered romances of the early-day mining era, and now a busy, prosperous community that is still adding millions to the world's store of wealth. Who has not heard of the Leadville of the days of the mining kings—Leadville with its millionaires made overnight—the Leadville of the six-shooter and the stage coach and the gambling halls? All these things are gone today, of course, though many of the old mines are still yielding up wealth. But the traveler who loves the traditions of the old West can never resist the invitation of Leadville for a stopover.

Crossing the Continental Divide

AT TENNESSEE PASS, after one has said good-bye to the modern Leadville with its fine old ghosts and traditions, one crosses the Continental Divide, through a half-mile tunnel, amid the snows and stunted trees of timberline. On the headwaters of the Eagle River, long famous as a fishing stream, is the mining town of Red Cliff. Here, back among the high hills and well worth a side trip, is the Mount of the Holy Cross. Who has not thrilled to Moran's conception of this sublime spectacle, and who has not wished to look upon it for himself? A wish that is easily gratified in this day of quick transportation.

Through uncounted years of erosion, the swiftly-flowing Eagle River has cut its way deeply through the mountains. Cliffs tower on either side of the railroad track, to a height of 2,000 feet. The little mining town of Gilman perches high on one of these walls.



*Mount of the
Holy Cross, Colorado*

From the Cañon of the Eagle, the train debouches into the Cañon of the Colorado, where a more extensive project of erosion is being carried on. The Colorado, here at its headwaters, has been feeding on this silt and rock for ages.



Mount Timpanogos, Utah

The Route of the Rio Grande

The foaming waters on which we gaze will soon be a part of that turgid stream, many miles below, which winds through the awesome depths of the Grand Cañon.

Glenwood Springs and Vicinity



AT GLENWOOD SPRINGS, in a beautiful valley, we are brought back to thoughts of the present day. Here is an up-to-date resort, with the largest of outdoor swimming pools of hot water. The Ute Indians, who frequented this part of Colorado, held the waters of Glenwood Springs in high esteem because of their curative properties. Today there are thousands of visitors at Glenwood Springs who commend the Indian for his good sense. Not only do these gushing waters rival those of European spas in their curative properties, but they are set in unmatched surroundings. Golf, polo, tennis and such sports are to be had here, while there are unnumbered joys in the hinterland beyond. Glenwood Springs is an outfitting place for Trapper's Lake and the great hunting and fishing region on the White River. It was from here that Theodore Roosevelt started on one of his most memorable hunts. The country surrounding Glenwood Springs is full of scenic attractions, notable among which is the celebrated Hanging Lake, a body of water perched 1,200 feet up on a cañon wall. Glenwood Springs offers whatever one desires. One can enjoy a stopover here just long enough for a dip in those magic mineral waters which gush steaming from the earth, or he can spend an entire season and not exhaust the recreational possibilities of the locality. South-

ward, 43 miles, is the picturesque mining camp of Aspen, in a section abounding with fish and game.

Here, too, we are in the heart of the oil shale region. The great cliffs, which rise for hundreds of feet, and the surrounding lands, ex-



Utah Lake, Utah

The Route of the Rio Grande

tending into Utah and Wyoming, hold the oil resources of the future, so many geologists aver.

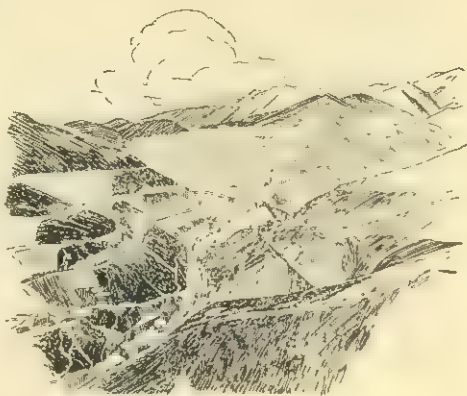
Past Glenwood Springs and its enticements, and we are approaching the western outposts of Colorado. Here are rich soils of red and gray. Orchards begin to appear in the valley. Irrigation ditches are everywhere. Fruit in the lowlands, and cattle and mines in the hills beyond. Good roads, prosperous towns, busses filled with children on their way to community high schools—truly a favored locality. And good hunting and fishing on every hand.

Marvelous Orchards of the Grand Valley



AT GRAND JUNCTION, the bustling metropolis of western Colorado, after one has passed through the marvelous orchard town of Palisade, one can outfit for Grand Mesa, a forested table-land containing hundreds of lakes and streams—a region in which the confirmed trout fisherman loses all sense of time or space and becomes intent only on the delightfully easy task of filling his creel. Near Grand Junction is the celebrated Colorado National Monument, abounding in giant monoliths. Its strange and majestic erosions are well worth a visit.

Ruby Cañon, west of Grand Junction, challenges attention when we are back in the train and again speeding westward. The country is open now, broken only by low-lying mesas. Here is the Utah desert, where the sunsets are of purest gold. At Mack one may take the Uintah Railway, and at Price the stage, for the rich Uintah Basin and the reservation of the Uintah Ute Indians—one of the remnants of the once proud tribe presided over by the great chief Ouray.



*Copper Mining,
Bingham Cañon, Utah*



Trout Fishing, Provo Cañon, Utah

The Route of the Rio Grande

Over the Wasatch Range



ASTLE GATE gives one a foretaste of Utah in its most rugged moments. Through great, castle-like battlements on either side of the track, the train makes its way up Price River. There are nine miles of this cañon, and every twist and turn brings out new and strange formations in the cliffs which form the entrance to this "Promised Land" of the Mormon pioneers. At Soldier Summit, the crest of the Wasatch Range, are the graves of some of the soldiers of General Albert Sidney Johnston—grim reminders of the stirring days of 1857-58. A double-track detour, fifteen miles long, has been built around Soldier Summit, considerably reducing the grade.

Spanish Fork Cañon provides new effects in highly-colored erosions, and then comes Utah Valley, with Utah Lake, a wonderful body of fresh water, thirty miles long by six miles wide. From Provo one gets a superb view of Mount Timpanogos, a glacier-crowned peak which is scaled annually by hundreds of climbers. From Provo there is an enticing trip on a branch line to Heber, traversing Provo Cañon and enabling one to visit the remarkable Hot Pots formation.

Historic Salt Lake City



SALT LAKE CITY is a delight to the traveler of historical bent. Here, in the young-old capital of the industrial empire founded by Brigham Young and his fellow pioneers, there is no end of subjects to intrigue the imagination. Here are the famous Mormon Temple and the Tabernacle, and numerous other monuments to Mormon enterprise. Salt Lake City itself, with its wide streets, its magnificent hotels, and its manifold evidences of prosperity, is a delight to the visitor.



*Utah State Capitol,
Salt Lake City*

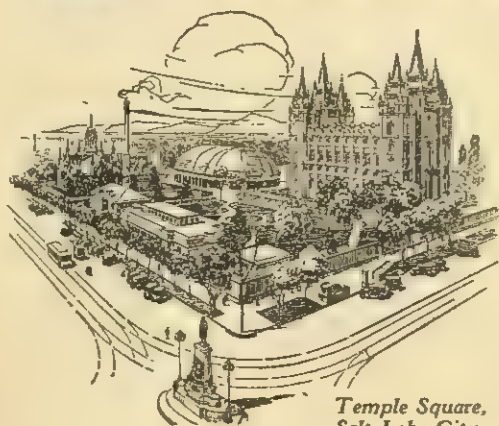
The Route of the Rio Grande

No one visits Salt Lake City, of course, without looking upon Great Salt Lake and perhaps taking a swim in its saline waters, where it is impossible to sink. The marvel of this Dead Sea of the desert is something that makes an indelible impression on the memory.

No Utah trip can be considered complete without a visit to Ogden. Residents of this prosperous and up-to-date city are justly proud of the facilities for recreation which Nature has planted at their very door. Ogden Cañon is within a few minutes' ride of the city. The cañon is one of the most beautiful in the West. For eight miles one rides through a wonderful pine-clad cleft in the mountains, terminating in the meadows of Alpine Valley, with their artesian wells which provide the city's water supply. The entire cañon is lined with attractive summer homes, where, in some cases, the fortunate sojourner can catch trout from his front porch. Transportation is available either by automobile over a veritable boulevard, or by trolley. From Mount Ogden one can look into four states, and to the west is Salt Lake, the residue of a once-great sea, the shore lines of which can be traced along the slopes of the Wasatch Range.

Scenic Splendors of Southwestern Colorado

THE SCENIC splendors of its main line are only a fraction of what the Denver & Rio Grande Western has to offer. The early-day mining development of the San Juan region in southwestern Colorado



*Temple Square,
Salt Lake City*

called for a railroad and the Denver & Rio Grande Western, then the Denver & Rio Grande, was the first and only line to respond. Not so much attention was paid to the "pulling power" of scenery in those days—but now what a difference! The railroad which was built as a



Sunset on Great Salt Lake, Utah



In Ogden Cañon, Utah

The Route of the Rio Grande

first aid to the miners of the San Juan and the pioneer agriculturists of the San Luis Valley still serves its original purpose in the hauling of ores and the specialized crops and the livestock of wealth-producing Colorado. But the road is fulfilling another and quite unlooked-for purpose—making the people of the nation acquainted with the scenic resources of a region that is without a peer in this country or abroad.

Wagon Wheel Gap, Wheeler National Monument, Toltec Gorge

THE SAN LUIS, a broad valley flanked by mountain ranges, with the mighty head and shoulders of Blanca raised above the rest, offers much to the sportsman. If one has not whipped the waters of the Conejos and other streams flowing into the Rio Grande, or if he has not fished at Wagon Wheel Gap and enjoyed the baths and the general atmosphere of rest at that famous resort on Fremont's old trail across the mountains, he still has a delightful experience in store. Near Wagon Wheel Gap is Wheeler National Monument, a remarkable lava formation which has been set aside by the government, and nine miles westward is the famous mining camp of Creede. At Toltec Gorge, where a monument has been put up to President Garfield, the narrow gauge rails glisten high above a giant rift in the earth—truly an awesome sight. Along the New Mexico line the traveler sees the tepees of the Jicarilla Apaches, near their agency at Dulce. A few miles farther on and one is in the home of the Southern Utes, once a warlike tribe whose predatory excursions are fascinatingly intermingled with the early history of Colorado. From Durango, the smelting and coal-mining metropolis of the region, there is a branch line through the spectacular Cañon of the Rio de las Animas Perdidas (River of Lost Souls)



*New Mexico State
Capitol, Santa Fé*

The Route of the Rio Grande

to the historic mining camp of Silverton, still a producer of precious metals, but richest of all in its legends of frontier characters. A marvelous toll-road connects Silverton with Ouray, a gem-like mining town nested in the bottom of a great bowl of red rocks and surrounded by the giant peaks of the San Juan Range. The spire-like San Juans are Alpine in their characteristics and challenge the best efforts of the mountain climber.

If one wishes to visit Ouray by rail, it can be done from Durango, with a stop at Telluride, one of the most consistent producers of wealth in all Colorado's mining districts. Telluride, with its trams and great mines, and its surrounding, sky-piercing peaks, is a place of many scenic appeals. One enters Telluride with his mind still full of the majesty of Lizard Head Peak, limned against the sky of Trout Lake, and of Ophir Loop, a triumph of mountain railroad construction.

Mesa Verde National Park

BUT, BEFORE one leaves Durango, there should be a trip to the Mesa Verde National Park, home of the Cliff Dwellers. Here, in the clefts that scar the Mesa Verde, or "Green Table," is the most extensive archæological field in America. Cliff ruins, ranging from the mighty Cliff Palace to one-room affairs which never have been entered by white men, are found in all the cañons. Many of the best examples of these ruins, and of not less interesting

buried cities, which have been found on top of the mesa, have been excavated by scientists. One wanders among these ancient buildings, in appearance much as they must have been in the days of this mysterious, long-vanished people.



*Cliff Palace,
Mesa Verde, Colorado*



Cathedral Spires, Ophir Loop, Colorado



Cañon of the Rio de las Animas Perdidas, Colorado

The Route of the Rio Grande

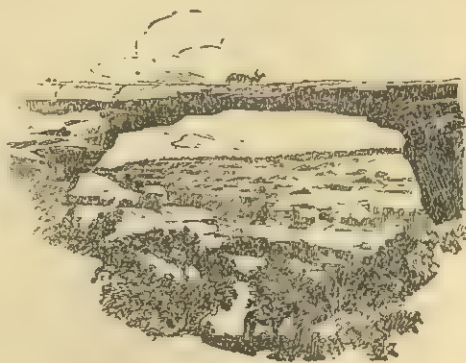
The Spire-Like San Juans

NOR IS archæology the only appeal of the Mesa Verde. Scenically the region is beautiful. To the north are the snow caps of the San Juans and to the south the desert, with the giant Shiprock rising like a great ship under full sail in a sea of sand. From here one can look toward the Four Corners, where Utah, Colorado, New Mexico and Arizona meet—the only place in America where four states join each other at right angles.

On the Narrow Gauge All Trains Are Run in Daylight

WE CONTINUE on by the narrow gauge. All trains are run in daylight, so one has no regrets over scenic splendors that have been lost in night traveling. The valley of the Uncompahgre lures us now—broad, fertile lands irrigated with waters brought through a tunnel which the government built through a mountain range to the Gunnison, at the head of the Black Cañon. The surveyors who located the portal of this tunnel in the Black Cañon faced death in the swift waters which race between perpendicular walls of rock of somber hue. Through the upper reaches of the Black Cañon the road climbs until the foaming Gunnison becomes a mere trickling stream. Meantime, we have passed through miles of fishing territory which experts have sought from all parts of the world. The Gunnison trout run "big and they are numerous, and the fishing lodges are filled with sportsmen and women who look happy because luck is always with them.

The narrow gauge now winds like a stairway of steel over the shoulders of the peaks toward Marshall Pass. At last the summit is



"Edwin"
Natural Bridge, Utah

The Route of the Rio Grande

reached, and at Salida is the junction with the main line. Truly a fitting finish to a trip through a land of splendors!

If one elects to visit the picturesque pueblos of the Rio Grande Valley, culminating in a visit to hoary Santa Fé, the Denver & Rio Grande Western branch from Antonito opens the way. Taos, the grandest of all the pueblos, and center of an art colony which has had a profound influence on American painting, is only twenty-six miles off the railroad line. All along the way to Santa Fé, through the Rio Grande Valley, there are Indian pueblos, where primitive life can be studied first-hand. Here also are many ruins—those of the Frijoles, Puyé and other places—some of which have been excavated like those of the Mesa Verde. Another branch line into New Mexico, from Durango, takes one to the rich fruit-raising and oil-yielding district of Farmington, the marvelous ruins of Aztec, and the edge of the Navajo Indian Reservation.

Bryce Cañon, Zion National Park, North Rim of the Grand Cañon



SOUTHERN Utah may be said to be just coming into its own, in the matter of scenic attractions. The vast country stretching north from the Grand Cañon of the Colorado abounds in scenic wonders. Prominent among these are Bryce Cañon, a marvelously colored, bowl-like depression which literally flames at sunrise and sunset. Not far from Bryce Cañon is Cedar Breaks, another multi-colored cañon which is impressive to the final degree.



*North Rim,
Grand Cañon, Arizona*

Beyond, one finds Zion National Park, youngest of the national playgrounds—a place of majesty, among varicolored mountains of stone. Zion's natural monuments inspire reverence and awe and make a splendid introduction to the marvels of the North Rim of the



Pueblo Indians, Taos, New Mexico



"The Silent City," Bryce Cañon National Monument, Utah

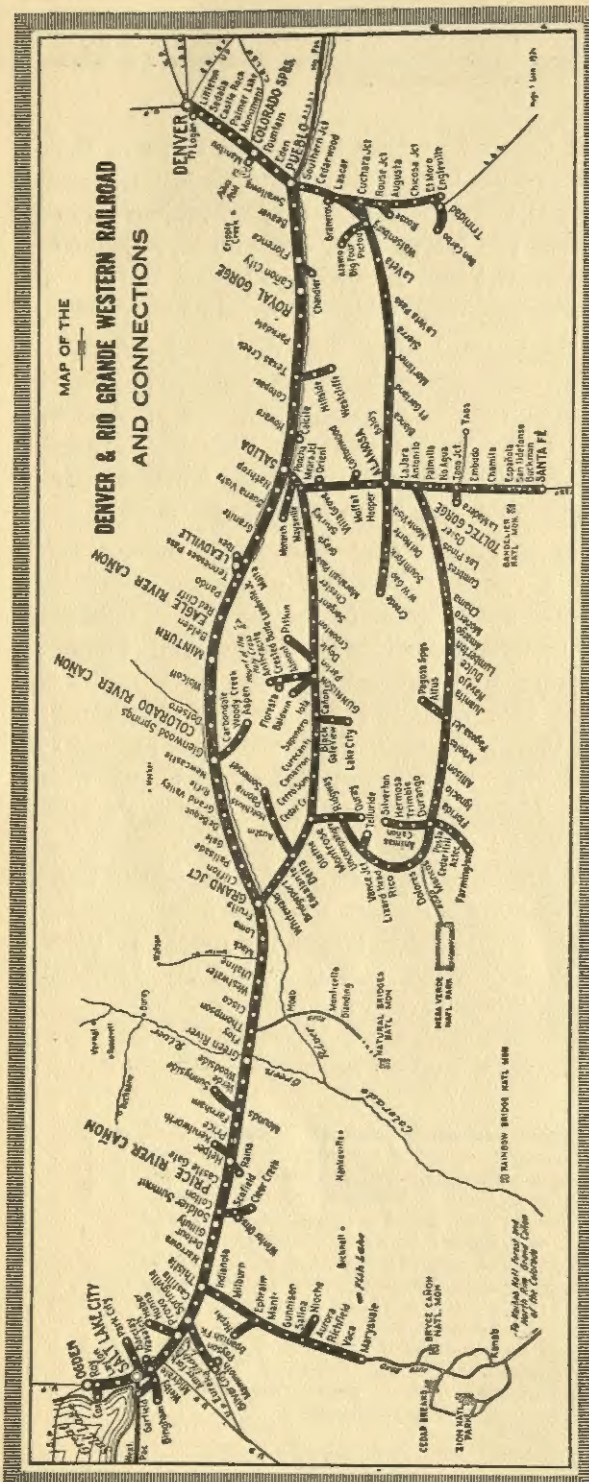
The Route of the Rio Grande

Grand Cañon of the Colorado, where unexcelled views of that titanic chasm can be secured from Bright Angel Point, Point Sublime, Point Imperial, Cape Royal and other convenient promontories. Approaching the North Rim, one journeys through magnificent Kaibab Forest, haunt of thousands of deer and of the mysterious white-haired squirrel, which is found nowhere else.

Then there are the Natural Bridges of the San Juan country in southeastern Utah—giant structures of stone which Nature has flung across watercourses now almost dry. And in the Uintah country to the north, there is Dinosaur National Monument, where scientists are excavating the bones of prehistoric monsters, gathered here in an inexplicable jumble.

Draw a circle around the scenic features in these three states and one has a territory in which a lifetime could be spent either in scientific inquiry or in the pursuit of outdoor pleasure. Snowy mountains, mirage-filled deserts, forests, trout streams, sunshine—and through it all the traditions of a storied past, touching upon races of Indians extinct or modern; mining camps with their glamour of pioneer history; prosperous cities and agricultural communities fringed about with the flocks and herds of the sheepman and the cowboy; a land that seems to include all possible contrasts which make for human pleasure and interest—such is the offering of the Denver & Rio Grande Western. As one who has often traveled this route of romance, I am glad to record my thanks to those railroad pioneers who fathered it and who truly "builded better than they knew."

For the comfort and convenience of Colorado, Utah and Pacific Coast passengers, the Denver & Rio Grande Western Railroad maintains, with its connections on the east and west, daily through Pullman sleeping car service between Chicago and San Francisco, St. Louis and San Francisco, and Denver and San Francisco. Open-end lounge-observation cars are operated on the Panoramic Special and Scenic Limited trains, thus enabling travelers to get the full benefit of the magnificent Rocky Mountain scenery. In addition to this, a stop of ten minutes is made by all daylight trains at the Hanging Bridge in the Royal Gorge, Grand Cañon of the Arkansas, permitting all passengers to alight from the train and leisurely view this wonderful chasm.

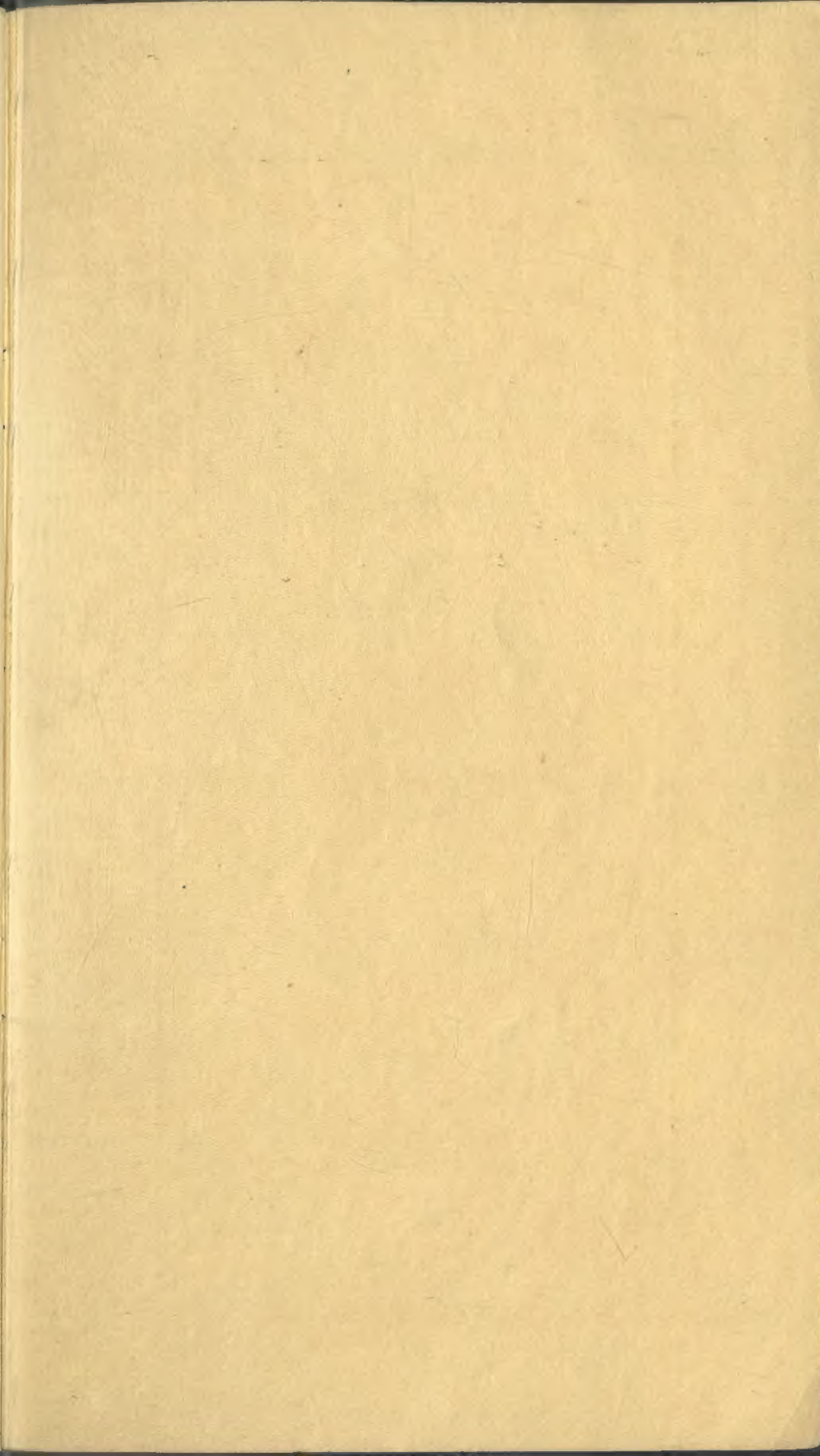


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The
ROUTE
of the
RIO GRANDE